"THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE."—CHRIST.

The Christian Freeman.

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THE WISE MAN'S CHOICE.

IT is a simple story we have to tell and it is a story of to-day, with the actors living, therefore we will not direct the stare of the multitude by publishing real names.

Let us say that Mr. Beverly was a merchant, wealthy, respected, and influential, doing a business large enough to satisfy ambition.

In Mr. Beverly's employ were three clerks—George Acton, Philip Lewis, and Clarence Bay—who had entered to learn the mercantile business, and who had given promise of proficiency. The fact that they had been retained in the house a year or more was positive proof to those who knew Mr. Beverly that they were of industrious, steady habits, and youths of promise.

At his house Mr. Beverly had among his children a daughter—Florence by name—who often came to the office, and whom the clerks had met at her father's house. These clerks could be gay and gallant on occasions, but never to Florence Beverly. The feeling they entertained towards her was one akin to worship. In their hearts they adored her afar off, giving her respectful attention, and prizing her smile of recognition as a priceless boon.

So far as the family connections of these three young men were concerned, they were all honourable, respectable people, but none of them wealthy.

On a certain occasion, Mr. Beverly was heard to remark that he would rather give his daughter in marriage to a man poor in purse, who would bring the wealth of a pure and upright heart, than to the possessor of millions whose manhood was tainted in the least degree.

This remark came to the knowledge of the clerks, and it is not surprising that they thereupon experienced wild and brilliant day dreams, in which most stupendous and dazzling castles were constructed in the air.

As time passed on, they became more and more familiar with Florence's sweet smile, and were admitted to a degree of friendship which proved, at least, she did not despise them.

At length came a devastating fire. Upon viewing the scene of desolation, and calculating the chance and necessities of business, Mr. Beverly resolved that he would not immediately seek new quarters for the continuance of his trade. He had no need, and he did not care to do it; so he secured an office where he could meet and consult outstanding accounts, in pursuance of which the services of a private secretary and two book-keepers were required.

The three clerks were summoned to the merchant's presence. He told them what he had concluded to do, and why he had so concluded, and he advised that they should seek some other employment until he was ready to start again.

"I shall re-build as soon as possible," he said, "and then your old places will be open for you. In the meantime, if you are hard pushed, do not hesitate to come to me for assistance."

Within two weeks from that time both Philip and Clarence called upon Mr. Beverly and asked for the loan of money. They had been unable to find employment, and were in arrears for board.

The merchant kindly gave them the money, and with it a little fatherly advice touching care and economy.

One day after this, as Philip and Clarence were walking down Franklin-street, they saw a young man in a frock working at the windlass amid the ruins of the old warehouse. They crossed over, and found it to be their fellow-clerk George Acton. They were astounded and scandalised.

"In mercy's name, George, what does this mean? Is it only an escapade of yours?"

"No," answered Acton, wiping the sweat from his brow, "I am fairly and honestly at work. That's better than loafing."

"Heavens!" cried Philip Lewis, with a start, "here comes Mr. Beverly and Florence. Go and hide yourself, Acton, before they see you."

But the young labourer did not budge an inch.

Just then the foreman called out to "hoist away!" and George applied himself to the work.

Meanwhile Mr. Beverly and his daughter had come upon the scene once more. Philip and Clarence bowed respectfully, and then drew aside in mortification that one of their fraternity should be found in so menial a position, for it was evident that both father and daughter recognised the youth in the garb and grime of toil as the former clerk.

"Halloo!" cried Mr. Beverly, as soon as he was sure that his eyes had not deceived him. "Is that you, George Acton?"

"Yes, sir," replied our hero. His face was flushed, but it was with healthful labour and not with shame—the steady brightness of his eye showed that.

"Are you regularly hired here?"

"Yes, sir. The contractor gave me this berth until he can find one better.

"What does he pay you?"

"Just the same as he pays others. It's better than nothing, sir. I tried to find a clerkship, but there were at least a dozen applicants for every vacant place. Of course, I couldn't starve; and while I have health and strength I will neither beg nor run in debt. I was brought up to work, you know; and thank heaven, I am neither afraid of it nor do I feel above it."

"Hoist away!" shouted the master; and George Acton applied himself again to his work.

Mr. Beverly went over and talked with the contractor, and from the fact that they looked several times towards the windlass where the young clerk was at work, it was reasonable to suppose that they were speaking of him.

And during this time Miss Florence spoke with Philip and Clarence, and a delicious fluttering seized them as they met her welcoming smile. They expected she would speak of the sad and humiliating exposed spectacle before them, and they were prepared to tell how mortified they felt; but she made no allusion to the circumstance. She did not even intimate that she had recognised the young man at the windlass.

By-and-by Mr. Beverley came out from amid the ruins, and having drawn the arm of his daughter within his own, and bowed to his former clerks, he departed. He did not bow an adieu to young Acton, for just then the labourer was busy at his work.

Philip and Clarence walked away talking of their pity for poor Acton.

"Mercy!" cried the former, "I wouldn't have been in his place when Florence Beverly came upon the scene for all the money in the world."

"It was certainly humiliating," asserted the other. "But," he added, reflectively, "Acton never was really high-toned."

And in this conclusion both young men fully agreed; and they further agreed that they should not in the future recognise George Acton as an acquaintance.

A week later they had occasion to call at the office where Mr. Beverly had established his business headquarters, and they were not a little surprised at finding George Acton seated at the desk of the confidential clerk and correspondent. It was a private room, with a glass door, which George occupied, and they ventured to ask one of the book-keepers if Acton had been permanently employed.

"I don't know about that," replied the book-keeper, "I only know that Mr. Beverly seems to have taken a

sudden and strong liking for the young man, that he entrused him with his private correspondence, and has given him a home beneath his own roof."

Another day came, the merry bells were jingling far and near. Through the kindess of a friend Clarence and Philip had managed to secure a team for the afternoon, and they drove out upon one of the Brighton roads. Out in the country they met Mr. Beverly, drawn by a pair of rattling bays. Upon the front seat sat the merchant and his wife, and on the back seat, smiling and chatting with all the grace and charm of friends who had given to each other the fullest trust and confidence, sat George Acton and Florence Beverly. What did it mean?

If Philip and Clarence are not stupid beyond belief, they must ere this have solved the problem; and may the solution give them new and enlarged views of life and its duties.

MOTHER'S WAY.

By Nannie A. Hepworth.

Oft within our little cottage,
As the shadows gently fall,
While the sunlight touches softly
One sweet face upon the wall,
Do we gather close together,
And in hushed and tender tone,
Ask each other's full forgiveness
For the wrong that each has done.
Should you wonder why this custom
At the ending of the day,
Eye and voice would quickly answer,
"It was once our mother's way."

If our home be bright and cheery,
If it hold a welcome true,
Opening wide its door of greeting
To the many, not the few:
If we share our Father's bounty
With the needy, day by day,
'Tis because our hearts remember
This was ever mother's way.

Sometimes, when our hands grow weary,
Or our tasks seem very long;
When our burdens look too heavy,
And we deem the right all wrong;
Then we gain a new, fresh courage,
As we rise to proudly say.
"Let us do our duty bravely,
This was our dear mother's way."

Thus we keep her memory precious,
While we never cease to pray
That, at last, when lengthening shadows
Mark the evening of life's day,
They may find us waiting calmly,
To go home our mother's way!

WHY WOMEN SHOULD READ.

BY A MOTHER.

Laying aside the thought of our own rest and comfort, let us look a little higher. For the children's sake we must make the most of ourselves. Many an unselfish mother has said, "Oh, I cannot take all this time, there are so many things to do for the children." She does not realise that she might do more for them in the end by cultivating herself than if she spends all her time on clothes and cooking. A generosity which makes the recipient weak or selfish is not a blessing, but a curse. Have you not seen grown-up sons who snubbed their mother's opinion in the same breath with which they called her to bring their slippers? The meek little woman has "trotted around" to wait on them so long that they have come to think that that is all she is good for. Their sisters keep "Ma" in the background, because she "hasn't a bit of style," and is "so uncultivated," forgetting that she has always worn shabby clothes that they might wear fine ones; that her hands have become horny with hard work that theirs might be kept soft and white for the piano; and that she has denied herself books and leisure that they might have both. And there are other children, too noble for such base ingratitude, who feel a keen, though secret sense of loss as they kiss the dear withered cheek, and think how much more of a woman "mother" might have been if she had not shut herself away from the culture and sweet companionship of books.

Then, again, the sweet influence that a mother, and a mother only, has by reading to her children before they lie down to sleep is marvellous. In after life no lessons will be so long remembered as those that have been breathed into the ears and the hearts of children at the close of the day. Would a mother be happy in the remembrance of the beautiful images she has for ever fastened to the memories of her children, let her devote a portion of her time in making selections of several little tales, or adventures, or sketches of noble life for the evening hours.

A MARRIAGE SERVICE IN INDIA.

When Mr. Sen was in England, he interested the Government in legalising the Brahmo marriage service. This legally has been for some years secured, and we have had the following sent us as a service performed by our Brahmo friends :—

At 7.30 p.m. the marriage ceremony began, and the following ritual was observed :—

After a few hymns, and the usual divine service, the bride's father (offering a garland of flowers and perfumes to the bridegroom) said "Please accept this offering."

Bridegroom—I accept it with thanks.

Bride's father—(Taking a ring) Please accept this ring.

Bridegroom—I accept it with thanks.

Bride's father—(The ceremony of giving away the bride to the bridegroom):—

To-day, Saturday, the eighth day after the new moon and the twenty-sixth day of *Joysto*, one thousand and eight hundred *Sakabda*, in the presence of the All-witnessing and Holy God, I give away my beloved daughter, Sreemutty Sarala, to you Prasanna Kumar Roy (the bridegroom). Take her as your wife.

Bridegroom—In the presence of the All-witnessing and Holy God I take Sreemutty Sarala as my wife.

Marriage Vow.

Bridegroom—To-day, Saturday, the eighth day after the new moon and the 26th day of *Joysto*, one thousand and eight hundred *Sakabda*, in the presence of Almighty God, I bind myself to thee in the holy bonds of matrimony, and I take thee as my lawfully wedded wife. In prosperity or adversity, in weal or woe, in health or illness, I shall ever throughout life remain devoted to thy welfare. In religion, in wealth, and in all the enjoyments of life thou shalt ever be my companion and partner. Let my heart be thine, let thy heart be mine, and let both our hearts be devoted to God.

Bride—To-day, Saturday, the eighth day after the new moon and the 26th day of *Joysto*, one thousand and eight hundred *Sakabda*, in the presence of Almighty God, I bind myself to thee in the holy bonds of matrimony, and I take thee as my lawfully wedded husband. In prosperity or adversity, in weal or woe, in health or illness, I shall ever throughout life remain devoted to thy welfare. In religion, in wealth, and in all the enjoyments of life thou shalt ever be my companion and partner. Let my heart be thine, let thy heart be mine, and let both our hearts be devoted to God.

Prayer.

O God, thou help me in faithfully observing this marriage vow. May we, under thy blessing, always endeavour to realise the ideal of our lives.

After the ceremony, the bride's father addressed the married couple.

A BRAVE PATIENCE.

It is in these words that Ellicott, one of the modern commentators, translates the original Greek of the New Testament, in several passages where the English version is content to use the simple word "patience." It is with him "the noble word *hypomone*," in which he always finds "a certain background of manliness." "It is the endurance of a quick and living, not the passiveness of a dead and feelingless soul." And it is true that in Christian as distinguished from natural or from the best heathen patience, there is a certain vitality and elasticity, which react under burdens and make even the quietest and lowliest submission an intelligent and voluntary, and in some degree, cheerful art.

The patience of Stoicism, the very best that heathenism has ever exhibited, was marred and perverted by lack of just conceptions of Deity. It was submission to the inevitable, solely an inevitable. It was recognising calamity as the word of fate. In the language of the Stoics, God is a word which alternates with destiny and with universal necessary law. The patience of the Stoic merges into the justification of suicide, which was a marked feature in the belief and the practice of this school. When "the wise man" of the Stoics finds himself in positions which he considers unendurable, it is allow-

able for him to withdraw from them by suicide. Suicide is lauded as the highest triumph of the human will. There can scarcely be a more unseemly antithesis to true virtue than this horror of self-murder, and the vain attempt to disguise it in the trappings of philosophy. Christian patience is inspired by godliness, but heathen virtue in its wild clutchings after perfection, sinks down into devilishness.

Zeno, the founder of the Stoic school, hung himself in his old age, because he had broken a finger; Cleanthes, the successor of Zeno, starved himself to death for some reason; Cato, the illustrious Roman general and philosopher, stabs himself on hearing of the victory of Cæsar; while Seneca, most celebrated of all the Stoics, eulogises the deed in the most extravagant terms. It is recorded that just before he committed the deed, Cato read Plato's "Phædo," in which Socrates' dying argument for the immortality of the soul is rehearsed. But it is remarkable that Socrates, in the opening sections of this dialogue, argues against suicide as criminal, and as a false inference from the duty of philosophic calmness in view of death.

And these are the greatest heathen teachers of patience. Patience, indeed! The very acme and culmination of impatience is reached, when one is so importunate to be rid of the burdens of life that he will commit the greatest possible crime and violence against himself to accomplish this object.

"When all the blandishments of life are gone,
The coward speaks to death, the brave live on."

The Christian idea of patience is that of complete, unquestioning submission indeed; but it is intelligible submission to an intelligent and wise order of events; to one above us, who sympathises with us in our sorrows, and who overrules all for our highest good. Controlled by God, the evil to which we submit is no longer absolute evil, but rather good in disguise. There is no cloud of evil so dark, so thorough and mysterious, that light will not struggle and give a hint of full daylight somewhere behind it.—*Star of West.*

SONGS OF NIGHT AND MORNING.

I.

Dark is the night,
Not a ray of light,
Not even a star appears.
Sad is my life,
And full of strife,
My eyes o'erflow with tears.

But the morning light
Will chase the night,
And I shall find sweet rest;
For right is might,
And sunshine bright
Will drive the darkness west.

Then will I wait
Till opes the gate
That leads to holier life,
Till I am free
God's love to see,
Where is no sin or strife.

II.

The night is dark and dreary,
The way is long and weary,
Sing to thy soul a song;—
Sing thou a song of cheer
For morning draweth near,
And songs to it belong.

The night is quickly passing,
The sunshine softly massing
In clouds of gold.
Let thy faint heart be glad,
For the weary way and sad
Its miles has told.

Cheer up, faint soul, and sing!
The silver bell doth ring—
The bell that weddeth thee to rest,—
The joyous bell that marks thee blest,
Blest in thy labour and thy thought,
Blest in thy beauty thou hast wrought.

III.

Thou needst a night for rest;
So let the sun sink in the west,
And stars draw nigh.
Thou needst not fear the dark!
Thou sailest in the Ark,
Watched by the sleepless eye.

The day doth need a night;
Forever, ever, blazing bright,
The sun burns grain;
So God sends darkness o'er
The land from shore to shore,
And clouds shed rain.

And souls need night as day,
Or they would falter by the way,
Grow sad and weep.
And so God shrouds the light,
And in the peaceful night
The weary sleep.

Caroline A. Soule.

Dunfermline, Scotland.

THE PAINTED TILES.

One day, coming home from school, Arthur called at a picture frame makers to buy a small frame for one of his drawings, when he saw some very curiously-painted tiles, which a gentleman had sent to be framed in a particular manner. Arthur admired these tiles very much, they were so exceedingly quaint and original. He was such a long time looking at them that the good people of the shop at last said, "You take them home and show them to your mamma, Master Arthur; we know you will take great care of them, and not allow them to go out of your keeping. The gentleman has gone abroad, and we do not want them back for three or four months." Arthur gladly accepted this kind offer, and promised to keep them very carefully. For some days after he brought them home he appeared never tired of looking at them, finding new beauties and fresh evidences of wit and genius almost every day. At last some one suggested to him to try and copy them. Arthur thought at first this was quite impossible, but one day he requested a carpenter to make him some pieces of wood exactly the size of the tiles, and he had them painted as nearly as possible the colour of the ground of the tiles, and then he looked at them and looked at them, yet could not make up his mind to begin so difficult a task. About a fortnight after, his mamma had to go to Hastings with the younger children, and Arthur was left quite alone. At first he wondered what he should do with himself in the evenings, and then remembering the tiles he determined to try, when no one could see whether he failed or not. So he procured some tracing paper and placed it over the tile he thought the simplest, and carefully traced the outline with a very fine brush and Indian ink; he was afraid to use a pencil, for fear he might scratch or damage the tile. Having succeeded to his satisfaction with the first, he proceeded to trace all the other tiles in turn, and he did not find so much difficulty in doing any of them as he had experienced with the first. When he had traced them all, he bought some black transfer paper, and placed this over one of his wooden imitation tiles, and the tracing of the first tile on the top. Then with the original tile in front of him, that he might intelligently copy it, he went very carefully over his tracing with a hard pencil, and the black transfer paper left a sharp, clear outline on the wooden tile. After they were all thus transferred on to the wooden tiles, he begged some oil colours from a friend and copied with great pains each of the tiles, his clear outline forming an excellent guide.

He found they were quite dry in a fortnight, and then varnished them two or three times, carefully rubbing down the irregularities each time with some fine pumice stone powder. Still he did not fancy they looked quite so even and bright as the porcelain tiles; but some one told him if he took them to a French polisher and had a little colourless polish rubbed over the varnish he would succeed in getting a fine finished surface. This made them very beautiful.

Arthur received a great deal of praise for the care and skill and patience he had shown, and he began, I think, to be almost too proud of his handiwork till the day when he took the original tiles back to the shop. Arthur told the good people of the shop how he had tried to copy them, and they expressed a wish to see what he had done. When they saw Arthur's copies they were very much surprised, and after saying several times they had no idea it was possible to have copied them so successfully, they added at last, "Now, Master Arthur, you must take great care the gentleman never sees or hears of them, or you will get us into trouble, as we had no right to let you copy them." Arthur went home with these words ringing in his ears, and when he looked at his tiles before he went to bed, still he heard the words, "Take care the gentleman never sees them; we had no right to let you copy them."

I don't think Arthur slept a great deal that night. It had never for a moment occurred to his mind when he was busy scheming how to copy the beautiful tiles, nor while he was busy working at them, to ask himself whether he had any right to copy them

at all. I don't think he ever imagined he should succeed in making good copies of them. I am sure I never thought he could, but now there they were, and the thought burst upon him like a thunderbolt *that he had stolen the copies.* "Stolen them!" Then he was a thief. He did not mean to be a thief while he was doing them, but now if he kept them there was no escape from the fact that he was a thief.

He came down to breakfast very subdued and calm, and I guessed he had taken some strong resolution. Yes, he had determined at first to destroy the copies, but they possessed nearly all the wit and genius of the originals, which were so beautiful, and he felt they were too good to be destroyed, so he made up his mind to send them to the gentleman with a long letter, telling him how he had just awakened to the fact that they were the gentleman's property, not his, as he had no right to have copied them without leave.

Arthur tried again and again, and was several days before he could succeed in writing a letter he dared to send, but he felt he could have no peace till he had done what he knew to be right. So at last the letter was written, and dispatched with the imitation tiles.

Arthur felt very grieved for the loss of his tiles, but he never for a moment regretted doing what he felt to be right. Judge then of his delight when, about two months after, he received a large parcel, containing all his tiles just as he had sent them, with a very kind letter from the gentleman, who had just returned from Italy, saying how he had had the tiles painted from ideas of his own by a very clever artist, and adding how vexed he should have been if he had discovered that anyone had taken copies without his knowledge, but that now he had much pleasure in presenting the copies to Arthur, with the kindest regards.

I have only to add that Arthur's mamma had them handsomely framed and put up in Arthur's own room, and said she trusted that whenever he saw them he would remember that skill and even genius are as nothing compared with honesty of heart.

A SCOTCH BIBLE-LESSON.

THE teacher called up the Bible-class, and Malcolm sat beside and listened. That morning they had to read one of the chapters in the history of Jacob.

"Was Jacob a good man?" he asked, as soon as the reading—each of the scholars in turn taking a verse—was over.

An apparently universal expression of assent followed; halting in its wake, however, came the voice of a boy near the bottom of the class:—

"Wasna he some dooble, sir?"

"You are right, Sheltie," said the master; "he was double. I must, I find, put the question in another shape: Was Jacob a bad man?"

Again came such a burst of yesses that it might have been taken for a general hiss. But limping in the rear came again the half-dissentient voice of Jamie Joss, whom the master had just addressed as Sheltie:—

"Pairtly, sir."

"You think, then, Sheltie, that a man can be both bad and good?"

"I dinna ken, sir. I think he may be whiles ane an' whiles the ither, an' whiles maybe it wad be ill to say whilk. Oor collie's whiles in twa min's whether he'll du what he telled or no."

"That's the battle of Armageddon, Sheltie, man. It's aye ragin', ohn gun roared or bagonet clashed. Ye maun up an' do yer best in't, my man. Gin ye dee fetchin' like a man, ye'll flee up wi' a quaiet face an' wi' wide open een; an' there's a great Ane 'at 'll say to ye, 'Weel dune, laddie!' But gin ye gie in to the enemy, he'll turn ye intill a creepin' thing 'at eats dirt; an' there'll no be a hole in a' the crystal wa' o' the New Jerusalem near eneuch to the grun' to let ye creep throu'."

As soon as ever Alexander Graham, the polished thinker and sweet-mannered gentleman, opened his mouth concerning the things he loved best, that moment the most poetic forms came pouring out in the most rugged speech.

"I reckon, sir," said Sheltie, "Jacob had na fouchten out his battle."

"That's jist it, my boy. And because he wouldna get up and fecht

manfully, God had to tak him in han'. Ye've heard tell o' generals, when their troops war rinnin' awa', haen to cut this man doon, shute that ane, and lick anither, till he turned them a' richt face aboot and drave them on to the foe like a spate! And the trouble God took wi' Jacob was na' lost upon him at last."

"An' what cam o' Esau, sir?" asked a pale-faced maiden with blue eyes. "He wasna an ill kin' o' a chield—was he, sir?"

"No, Mappy," answered the master; "he was a fine chield, as you say; but he nott (*needed*) mair time and gentler treatment to mak onything o' him. Ye see he hed a guid hert, but was a duller kin' o' cratur a'thegither, and cared for naething he could na see or hanle. He never thouct muckle about God at a'. Jacob was anither sort—a poet kin' o' a man, but a sneck-drawin' cratur for a' that. It was easier, hooever, to get the slyness oot o' Jacob than the dullness oot o' Esau. Punishment tellt upo' Jacob like upon a thin-skinned horse; whauras Esau was mair like the minister's powny, that he can hardly be made to unnerstan' that ye want him to gang on. But o' the ither han', dulness is the thing that can be borne wi'; there's na hurry about that; but the deceitfu' tricks o' Jacob were na to be endured, and sae the tawse (*leather-strap*) cam doon upo' *him*."

"An' what for didna God make Esau as clever as Jacob?" asked a wizened-faced boy near the top of the class.

"Ah, my Peery!" said Mr. Graham, "I canna tell ye that. A' that I can tell ye is, that God hadna dune makin' at him, an' some kin' o' fowk tak langer to make oot than ithers. An' ye canna tell what they're to be till they're made oot. But whether what I tell ye be richt or no, God maun hae the verra best o' rizzons for 't, ower guid maybe for us to unnerstan'—the best o' rizzons for Esau himsel', I mean, for the Creator luiks efter his cratur first ava' (*of all*). And now," concluded Mr. Graham, resuming his English, "go to your lessons; and be diligent that God may think it worth while to get on faster with the making of you."

GEORGE MAC-DONALD.

HARD TIMES.

"JESSIE needs a new cap, Mr. Browne. His old one is quite shabby, and unfit to wear to church."

"He must wear it, if it is. Boys are a great expense, certainly."

"But you forget that he has worn it a long time; he really deserves a new one."

"Hard times, Mrs. Browne, hard times! Money is as tight as—as the bark of a tree."

"I don't think Jessie has drawn very heavily on your purse, for the child has had scarcely anything this winter," added the wife.

"You must economise, wife!"

"I was hoping to be able to get the girls new bonnets this winter, for their present ones have been in wear two seasons already; but I suppose they will have to go without," continued the wife, in a disappointed tone. "But the poor will feel these high prices more than we do. Think how much less we shall be incommoded by them than poor widows with large families of small children. We must try and help sick Mrs. Wilson this month; the last time I was in, she had but a miserable fire, though the day was bitter cold."

"Charity begins at home, especially when beefsteak is a shilling a pound, and other meats in proportion," replied the husband, emphatically, leaning over and lighting a cigar.

"Mr. Browne, how much did that cigar cost?" asked his wife.

The individual addressed didn't appear to be sensible that he had been spoken to.

Mr. Browne suddenly bethought himself of a most pressing engagement, and left the house without answering this pertinent inquiry. His wife smiled meaningly, and went on sewing. She had heard a great deal about "hard times" for several months, and had had economy preached to her, until, prudent and saving as she undoubtedly was, the word had become disagreeable to her ears. Mr. Browne was entirely willing to practice this commendable virtue when he could do so without interfering with his comfort; but, unfortunately for his wife and children, this did not often occur.

She asked herself if a few practical hints would not serve a good purpose in reminding him that practice was better than preaching, and that example went farther with most people than advice. The subject was still in her thoughts when a domestic entered the room and said :—

"There's a sofa come, ma'am; where will it go?"

"A sofa! there's some mistake, I think," replied Mrs. Browne, stepping to the door; but the man was so sure that it was the right place, that she allowed him to bring it in, although puzzled to know what Mr. Browne wanted of another sofa, as they already owned a good one.

But her doubts were dispelled when tea-time came, and with it Mr. Browne.

"So the sofa got here before me," he remarked as his eyes rested upon his new purchase. "Have you examined it, Sarah?"

"No, for I supposed it was sent here by mistake."

"It's all right; I'll tell you how it was," he resumed. "I looked in at Leonard's when this was being knocked off to somebody for a trifle, so I overbid him and got it myself!"

Mrs. Browne did look at it, but without getting out of her chair, or exhibiting any interest.

"It was too good a bargain to lose, and so I secured it."

Mrs. Browne looked at the baby sitting on the floor, and then at the deep work-basket piled up high with the family sewing. She had a shrewd suspicion, too, that he had consulted his own feelings more than her comfort; but having a little scheme in contemplation, she prudently forbore to say so, listening without offering much comment to his eulogistic remarks concerning the sofa. That evening was a fair sample of several following evenings; Mr. Browne smoked, lolled, and dozed alternately, and Mrs. Browne sewed diligently in order to keep the juvenile Brownes in whole clothes.

"I thought we were to have a roast to-day," was his first remark, when the family were seated at dinner next day.

"I was not so extravagant as to suppose you would pay for a piece of meat, when fish is so much cheaper. Don't for a moment suppose, husband, that I'm so thoughtless and improvident as to spend money in that way, when I've had so many lessons on retrenchment."

"But I love roast beef better than this," grumbled a boy, gathering courage from his father's discontented expression to express his own dissatisfaction.

"But it is expensive, my dear," said the mother. "Your father has no money to waste, so we must be as saving and as contented as we can."

Mr. Browne suddenly helped himself plentifully to the piscatorial food; an act that greatly stimulated the boy's appetite, which was governed in a great measure by the father's example.

"I'm ready for pie, mother," said the lad, after he had despatched a second allowance of the principal dish.

"No pie to-day, my dear. The apples cost so much, I couldn't buy them. We must go without pies and puddings, children, until things are cheaper. Think of the little Wilson boys, Charlie, and how glad they would be for a plate of that nice fish."

"When am I to have a new cap, mother?" broke in Jesse.

"Just as soon as your father can afford to buy you one," replied Mrs. Browne. "You musn't be impatient, my son, for he has a great many things to get and don't like to be troubled with our applications. Recollect that these are hard times, and we must do without what is not needed very much, and not find fault with simple dinners, because it will make it so much easier for him if our market bills are not so large as they used to be. Self-denial, Jesse, is a good quality, and cannot be too much practised by little boys."

Mrs. Browne talked *to* the children and at Mr. Browne—a method, we believe, which has been practised before. But though every word that she uttered had a meaning, and he felt the full force of them, he could hardly suppress a smile at the facility with which she employed his own mode of reasoning, and her aptness in turning the point of his own weapons against himself.

Mr. Browne got no roast beef or

poultry that week; soups, vegetables, and other simple and cheap dishes made up the bill of fare, and Mrs. Browne began to talk seriously of substituting less expensive coffee, which the prudent head of the family took so much comfort in sipping every morning.

Of a truth, Mr. Browne was in a strait place. Every day or two he was called upon to give up something that tended to his gratification, although perhaps not essential to his happiness. It positively appeared as if Mrs. Browne had put her wits to work to see in how many ways she could retrench.

Mr. Browne submitted—what else could he do? He could not complain with a very good grace, so he went to bed shivering, with a firm determination to give Mrs. Browne no more lessons in retrenchment, if that was the way she practised on them. Before he slept, he fell into a train of thought of this nature: If it is so disagreeable for me to give up a few gratifications, pleasures, luxuries, or whatever they may be termed, how much more difficult must it be to exhibit true self-denial in matters of greater moment. If I have experienced disappointment at the absence of a cheerful blaze, or a favourite kind of pastry, Jesse must have felt the denial of a new cap still more keenly. If I have been inclined to murmur at a dinner less palatable than ordinary, surely my wife has a harder trial in complying with my (I begin to suspect) selfish and thoughtless demands on her time and strength. Mrs. Browne is a prudent woman, and I wish—I wish I hadn't said so much about economy; I'll buy her a new silk dress to-morrow, and for the future do without something myself which I do not need, when our expenses need curtailing;" and with this excellent purpose strong in his mind, Mr. Browne fell asleep.

"Mother, when are we to have our new bonnets? I think we ought to have some soon," remarked the eldest daughter, the next day.

"So do I, my love, but I fear you will have to wait a while longer," replied the parent, kissing the pleading face that was so eagerly watching her own. "Father has no money to let u have, times are hard, and—

"Mrs. Browne, oblige me by neve repeating that remark again," ex claimed our "economist." "The boy shall have new caps, the girls ne bonnets, and you a pretty silk this ver day! You took a woman's way to sho me my mistake, but I own that you did i cleverly. Give us a piece of good bee to-morrow, and I'll cure my selfishnes and help you to economise. I am not s ungrateful as you may think, nor wil I again ask you to make all the sacri fices, or struggle alone with high price and hard times."

Mr. Browne was true to his word he never did.

WHAT OF THAT?

Tired! Well, what of that?
Didst fancy life was spent on beds of ease
Fluttering the rose leaves scattered by th
breeze?
Come, rouse thee, work while it is calle
to-day!
Coward, arise! go forth upon thy way!

Lonely! And what of that?
Some must be lonely! 'tis not given to a
To feel a heart responsive rise and fall,
To blend another life into its own.
Work may be done in loneliness. Work on

Dark! Well, what of that?
Didst fondly dream the sun would neve
set?
Dost fear to lose thy way? Take courag
yet!
Learn thou to walk by faith and not b
sight;
Thy steps will guided be, and guided right

Hard! Well what of that?
Didst fancy life one summer holiday,
With lessons none to learn, and naught t
play?
Go, get thee to thy task! Conquer or die
It must be learned! Learn it, the
patiently.

No help? Nay, 'tis not so!
Though human help be far, thy God i
nigh,
Who feeds the ravens, hears His children'
cry,
He's near thee, whereso'er thy footstep
roam,
And He will guide thee, light thee, hel
thee home.

A STORMY SUNDAY.

We rose at our accustomed early hour this morning, intending to prepare for church.

But as we drew the shades in order to ascertain if the weather was favourable to our intentions, what a prospect greeted our eyes! Old Boreas had been abroad through the night, and still blew his shrill trumpet, and was scattering with lavish hand the feathery, star-like flakes, with which he had buried wall, bush, and the whole brown earth in a cloak of dazzling whiteness. What a transformation! Last eve the earth was brown and bare, the trees shook their naked branches in the wind, while the low oak shrubs rustled their sober brown leaves and shivered at the approach of winter. Now

"We looked upon a world unknown,
On nothing we could call our own.
The old, familiar sights of ours
Took marvellous shapes;
A smooth white mound the brush heap showed,
A fenceless drift what once was road."

Attending church is out of the question; we must content ourselves indoors today, and—whisper it low—I enjoy the prospect. Not but that I enjoy church-going, for if we should put aside all public worship and spend our Sabbaths as we do all other days, society would sink to its lowest condition of degradation. It is not fear of endless torment that leads or drives us to the house of worship, neither do we hope to procure the favour of our Father in heaven, for this favour we have always enjoyed. We are moral and intellectual beings; our minds need food as well as our bodies. "True religion is the bread of God which cometh down from heaven and giveth life to the world." We need the constant enjoyments of this heavenly bread for our minds. Public worship lies at the foundation of all human improvement, and of all social progress and enjoyment. It is gratitude to our Heavenly Father which calls for our devotions, and it is the hope of His everlasting favour which gives a zest to the exercises of the sanctuary. Notwithstanding the incentives and enjoyments of church-going, there is something to me equally enjoyable in the prospect that the driving north-easter gives me of a quiet day at home. There is something exhilarating to our spirits in such a storm; the cosy warmth and cheer of the fireside seems enhanced by the tumult of the outer world. I have ever enjoyed from my earliest recollection the stormy Sundays. When a child I drew my seat to my mother's feet, and with my head on her knee repeated the many beautiful hymns she taught me, or listened while she told me, in her inimitable way, the many thrilling stories connected with the pictures with which her Bible was rendered to me so interesting. The hours passed all too quickly then to the restless child. And later, when a dozen summers were passed, I curled myself into the loved arm-chair, and resting my cheek against the cushion, tried to fancy that her loving arms were about me. But the warm heart had stopped its beating, the dear voice had hushed its tone; I should never hear it more on earth, and the truth coming again with fearful force to my sorrowing heart, would start the sobs afresh not to be checked, till sleep brought forgetfulness to present griefs, and joy in dreams of past companionship and maternal love. Such dreams as I always had in that old arm-chair! in no other place would her blessed presence appear so real in my sleeping visions. As I grew to womanhood, and knelt by that dear old chair, I felt that my sainted mother still watched over me, and in seraphic tones whispered in my ear, "Loved one, seek thy Saviour."

Thus are stormy Sundays of the past associated in my memory. And it is on such days I tread again the halls of that rich temple hung with glorious trophies and lined with tombs, with a sad, sweet pleasure; I cannot say any permanent benefit is to be derived from such contemplation; it is a thing of the past, and the present should not be forgotten. I am well aware that the number who coincide with my views are few, while the contrary-minded are legion. The ministers are in favour of fair days, and I have not forgotten the hint our own good pastor gave us a short time since, to the

effect that it was as essential for the hearers to be in their respective places on a stormy Sabbath as for the choir and pastor. But I defy any one to be in attendance to-day. I will not be too positive, but think perhaps if I was within the city limits I would don my waterproof and sally forth and boldly face the storm, so as to add one to the small congregation, and cheer the heart of the worthy minister by showing him one more individual had taken heed to his suggestion.

As it is, we did act upon it the very next Sunday. The morning was chill and lowery, a few drops fell as we started, but we paid little heed and kept on our way. The sleet and storm increased; we reached the church cold and wet, to find but a very small number present, and a stranger in the desk. Our pastor was not present to take note of our praiseworthy perseverance. As if we had secretly hoped he might! The church was dark and uncomfortable, a few gas jets burned near the desk, which helped to make darkness visible in the remainder of the house. I hope I profited by the sermon, but I fear my thoughts were divided between it and the storm without, and the dreary ride home. Suffice it to say we arrived home in much better condition than our poor weary horse, which shivered with the cold and sleet. We then and there decided, even against ministerial advice, to stay at home the next stormy day, and furthermore, that we were not included among those whose duty it was always to be present.

Religion consists not chiefly in punctual attendance at church, but in the life we live, the kindness and consideration that we practice in our treatment of even dumb animals. "A merciful man is merciful to his beast." I fear there was but little mercy shown that day in thus exposing our horse to the pitiless storm. To-day we sit at the window and watch the drifts deepen and note how the blinding, whirling storm weaves a white, spotless robe over every unsightly object, making all beautiful alike. It reminds me someway of the white cloak of charity thrown about an erring one. The large trees moan and creak as they are swayed by the relentless wind, whil the smaller ones bend down with the weight of snow, while the branches ar buried in the drifts below. Do the question, think you, why these hars winds and storms are sent upon them Why they must needs battle with th warring elements? And if some o their branches become broken and fal does the trunk mourn their loss? O does some subtle influence work upo and through them and cause them t brace themselves anew against the fur of the storms, and send their root down deeper into the warm earth beyond the chill of winters? Can they reason of the coming season of bud an blossom, of foliage and fruit, and con sider it compensation for the winter' trials? Certainly they speak to us, i a manner not to be mistaken, of God' power and wisdom. After the storm is over the sun will come forth fro behind the clouds, the bowed branche will lift themselves and shake off thes snowy robes, and the trees will appea to our wondering eyes encased i crystal armour. A fairy world of rain bow hues and tinkling bells will com before us, as the sun and winds ac upon them, with a painter's and musi cian's air. Thus after the trials of to day they will appear to us in new beauty, and in the purity of transparen ice and unsullied snow.

And all this is the work of ou loving Father. He beautifies the worl of inanimate nature by storms an clouds, and snow and vapour; th stormy winds fulfil His word. H sendeth forth his commandment upo the earth; His word runneth ver swiftly. He giveth snow like wool He scattereth his hoar frost like ashes He casteth forth his ice like morsel All this has He done this day. Grea is the Lord, and greatly to be praise Methinks I see His glory and majest in the seeming strife of the element It is to me as if "He had made th clouds His chariot," and rode on th wings of the wind. Yet He is th same loving, pitying parent who caret for all His children.

In some similar way, I reason, H rules them; He refines and purifi them through suffering. "Though ou

ins are as scarlet, they shall be white s snow." Often in our daily life we eet faces which are strangely sweet nd fair, made so by the struggles and trifes that have brought to the inner ife that peace which shines through he outer temple, leaving its stamp pon the face; that discipline which ife with its cares and trials brings to many. These chastenings, clouds and torms that beset our earthly pathway, rendering the way dark and rugged at times, bring out all the bright, unfading blossoms, and make the life "perfect hrough suffering."

A tiny snow bird came on to the piazza to seek shelter from the storm. He stopped awhile, chirping happily, nd then flew away. Our Heavenly Father careth for such, they cannot 'fall to the ground without His notice." "He holdeth them in the hollow of His hand. And are not we of more value than they?" What a message of hope is this to the many poor, discouraged ones, who during these gloomy days of financial depression, view with fear this rough and inclement weather, which reduces the coal-bin and larder at such a fearful rate, causing destitution to stare them in the face, not knowing whence the next supply will come. To all such the message says, Keep up good heart, do the best you can, and leave the rest with God. "He will never forsake you;" He knows the sufferings of all His children, and sends generous hearts and open purses as well as poverty and cold.

"God's ways seem dark, but soon or late
They touch the shining hills of day.
The evil cannot brook delay,
The good can well afford to wait."

But the day is drawing near its close. The clouds are breaking, and after a dash of frozen rain, to add new charms to the whitened landscape, the sun breaks forth. He is far down the western slope. The clouds pile themselves into a wall along the horizon, and glow with all the colours of the rainbow. As I gaze, they seem to my spiritual vision like the walls of the new Jerusalem. The crimson lies at the beginning; it is the colour of passion, suffering, the first of the twelve stones; out of the crimson we climb into the blue—that is, truth and calm; beyond is the white glistening chalcedony for purity; and next flashes out the green, the hope of glory; then they mingle and alternate, the tenderness, and the pain, and the purifying; it is the veined sardonyx stands for that, the life story. I seem to read them all there in the glowing colours of the west, while far beyond I catch a glimpse of the "pearly gates which the angels have left ajar."

Thus closes my Sabbath. It has seemed as if a great joy and peace surrounded and encompassed me, and I have felt the nearness and communion with that loving Father,—which comes to us so seldom amid the bustle of the world,—whose hand has been so visible both in the storm and darkness, as also in the light and glory of its setting. And I will take the day, as the symbol of our spiritual life, "like to the types of the stones,—suffering, love, truth, and purity, then gladness, fulfilment, and rest, the joy unspeakable, and the peafect peace, and then the colours of the heavenly beyond."

H. M. Holbrook.

BEAUTY.

There's beauty in the sunshine
That comes alike to all,
And brightens with its presence
The cottage and the hall.

There's beauty in the flowers
That bloom around our way,
In forms and tints unnumbered,
Wherever we may stray.

There's beauty in the streamlet
That wanders to the sea,
And bears upon its bosom
The symbol of the free.

There's beauty in the features
And forms of human kind
In thoughts and words revealing
The riches of the mind.

There's beauty in all nature
To those who love it well,
It stirs within us feelings
That language may not tell.

But goodness shows us beauty
The heart may well adore;
For it makes life worth living
And blossoms evermore.

Mountpottinger. D. T.

GALILEO.

By Mrs. L. C. Browne.

Galileo belonged to a noble but ruined family. His father and mother resided at Florence, but he was born at Pisa, February the 18th, 1564. The great artist, Michael Angelo, died at Rome the same day; an inscription on a marble slab is still seen at Pisa, pointing out the house where the great man was born.

From his earliest infancy Galileo showed a singular aptitude for mechanical inventions. He amused himself in constructing small machines, atoning for his lack of instruction by very ingenious means for one of his age. Newton's infancy was marked by the same taste; and this was not the only analogy which existed between these two men.

Galileo's father was not rich. He had three sons and three daughters, Galileo being the eldest. He found it difficult to meet the expenses necessary to complete the education of his son; but the son's industry compensated for the insufficiency of resources. He consecrated the larger part of his time to literary studies, allowing himself no amusements except what he found in music and painting, two arts for which he had, like his father, a remarkable aptitude.

Galileo was seven years old when his father, noticing from day to day the superiority of his mind, resolved to prepare him for a more elevated profession than that of merchandise.

He decided on medicine, the practice of which was then very lucrative, and which had conducted one of his ancestors to glory and riches. Galileo was not twenty years old, and his name was hardly recorded as a student of medicine upon the registers of the University of Pisa, when he made his first and one of his most beautiful discoveries.

Finding himself one day in the metropolitan church of Pisa, he noticed the regular and periodical movement of a lamp suspended from the top of the arch. He remarked the equal duration of its oscillations, and confirmed his ideas of them by repeated observations. He immediately comprehended how he could apply this phenomena to th exact measure of time, and five yea later applied the principle to the co struction of an instrument for astr nomical observations.

What is most strange is, that at th period, Galileo had no knowledge mathematics, and not even a desire t learn them. His father had discourage such studies from the fear that the would turn his attention from medicin Having, nevertheless, occasion to in tiate himself a little in geometry, developed such a passion for the science which relate to physics and mathe matics, that he completely renounce medicine, and devoted all his time t the studies of his taste, in which h soon made himself famous.

At twenty-four he was elected pro fessor at the University of Pisa; bu he did not lean upon experience, an quickly attacked the scholastic error founded upon the authority of Aristotle he made numerous and active enemies whose animosity obliged him, in short time, in 1592, to resign his duties

But his ability was so well esta blished, that he was soon elected pro fessor of Padua, a city where the Re public of Venice guaranteed grea liberty to its scholars, and in whic Galileo, during a space of about twent years, made his most important di coveries—those which have rendere his name immortal.

Among the many inventions of thi period, we would particularly mentio a telescope which he perfected, fro year to year, and which he at lengt turned towards the heavens. He the saw what had never before been see by mortal eye—the surface of th moon, resembling the earth, broken b high mountains and interspersed b deep valleys; Venus, like her, presen ing some phases which proved he roundness; Jupiter, surrounded by fou satellites, which accompanied him i his course; the Milky Way, the nebula the whole heavens, in short, sown wit an infinite multitude of stars, too sma to be seen by the unaided eye.

What surprise, what ineffable jo was excited by the first view of s many wonders! What admiration the would excite when known to the world

After passing some days in observations, he announced them to the world in a paper entitled the "Celestial Courier," *nuncius sidereus*, which he dedicated to the Princes de Medicis, and the publication of which he continued as he made discoveries worthy to be brought to public attention; the movable spots upon the sun, the strange appearances on the disc of Saturn, &c.

After having taught with success for twenty years at Padua, and enjoyed a high degree of favour from the illustrious Senate of Venice, Galileo committed the imprudence of returning to Florence upon the invitation of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, who had nominated him his philosopher and first mathematician.

But having published a work in which he declared, according to Copernicus, the motion of the earth and the immovability of the sun, he was, in 1633, denounced before the tribunal of the inquisition of Rome. They accused him of contradicting the teachings of the Bible and all the interpretations of the fathers of the Church.

Galileo found no difficulty in refuting the objections of his adversaries, and explained, in a clear manner, the passages of Scripture they quoted against him.

But they were determined not to understand him, and to escape sentence of death, this old man, aged seventy years, in full church, and in presence of all the prelates and cardinals of the congregations of the holy office, made a formal and explicit renunciation of his pretended errors.

If we may believe a widely spread but improbable tradition, Galileo, after having abjured, on his knees, the doctrine of the movability of the earth, could not help murmuring, as he rose, stamping his feet:

"Nevertheless she moves!"

The funeral pile, which had consumed the learned Jordano Bruno, accused of heresy in 1600, would have been speedily rekindled for Galileo at the least imprudent word spoken at such a moment. Let us add, however, thanks to the spirited intercession of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, the unfortunate old man was spared material torture, that his detention in the dungeons of the holy office was speedily commuted by the Pope to indefinite imprisonment in his own house. This seclusion was extremely painful to the great man, who no longer wished to publish anything. He lost his sight at the age of seventy-four, and died four years after, the 9th of January, 1642, the same year that Newton was born.

Galileo was the true creator of experimental philosophy; to him we owe the discovery of the laws of weight, the invention of the pendulum, the hydrostatic balance, the thermometer, the sector, and, in short, the famous telescope, which changed the face of astronomy. His principal works, beside the *nuncius sidereus*, are some papers upon the systems of the world, others upon the motion of fluids, &c. His works form thirteen volumes in octavo.

A PLEA FOR NOISE.

"O JOHNNY!" cried a nervous mother, "do have some pity on my poor head! Can't you play without shouting so?"

Poor Johnny drew up the tape reins with which he was driving two chairs tandem, and called out in a loud, hoarse whisper:—

"Get up! whoa!"

But at length, finding little pleasure in this suppressed amusement, he threw down his reins, and, laying his hands on his breast, said, with a long breath:—

"O mother, it's full of noise in here, and it hurts me so to keep in! Don't all little boys make a noise when they play?"

"Yes, Johnny, I believe they all do," replied the lady.

"Oh, then, mother dear," cried Johnny, in a winning tone, "please let me be a little boy."

We will join poor Johnny in his petition. Please, mother, let your sons be little boys while they may. Time is bringing on apace life's toils and cares. Let them have a free and happy childhood, that when your heads are low in the grave they may point back to those days and say:—

"We were happy children, for there was always sunshine where our mother was."

WAYSIDE GATHERINGS.

An Encouraging Word.—When you have a difficult task to perform, and also to contend against much opposition, remember that a dead man can drift down stream, but it takes a live man to pull up stream. Man's soul is tried when the tide is against him.

The Conscience.—A little boy ran away from home, and while enjoying himself in forbidden fields, a thunderstorm came up, and it began to hail. His guilty conscience needed no accuser. Running home, he burst into the presence of his astonished mamma, exclaiming breathlessly: "Ma, Ma, God's frowing stones at me!"

An Ungrateful Bull.—A party of vegetarians, who were boarding at a water-cure establishment, while taking a walk in the fields, were attacked by a bull, which chased them furiously out of his pasture. "That's your gratitude, is it, you great hateful thing!" exclaimed one of the ladies, panting with fright and fatigue. "After this, I'll eat beef three times a day!"

The Gospel of Intimidation.—News comes to hand that a Californian Methodist preacher upon going to an out-of-the-way town to preach, was informed before entering the pulpit that he must be careful, as many of the assembled congregation were "roughs," and would not hesitate to disturb him if his remarks didn't suit. The Methodist made no reply, but, having reached the desk, he took from his pocket two revolvers, and, placing one on each side of the Bible, gave a sharp glance around the room and said, "Let us pray." A more orderly service was never conducted.

Practical Sympathy.—"A traveller passing over a bad road, the wheel of his carriage stuck in a deep rut. He laboured with all his might to extricate it; but in vain. Presently some one passing said to him: 'You are in an awkward situation, sir: pray, how did the accident happen?' Another came up: 'Dear, dear! what is the matter? Well, what a good thing your neck was not broken! but this road ought to be indicted; there are continual accidents of one kind or another.' A third addressed him: 'I'm really sorry to see you so much heated and fatigued, sir; I fear, too, your horse and carriage are injured. I am very sorry.' 'Come, then,' replied the unfortunate traveller, 'if you really are sorry, be so good as to put a shoulder to the wheel; a grain of help is worth a bushel of pity.'"

Backsliding.—A gentleman was su prised to see his little daughter brin home from the Sunday-school library grave treatise on "Backsliding." "M child," said he, "this is too old for you you can't make anything out of it." "I know it, papa," was the reply, "but thought I could when I took it; I thoug it would teach me how to slide backward

A Golden Maxim.—Lord Derby, in a address to the boys of Liverpool, uttere a sentence which is a golden maxim Every boy should learn it by heart; tha is, he should study it until he thoroughl understands and heartily receives i "Whether I am happy or unhappy," sai the noble lord, "is not my chief affair what most and first concerns me is to fin my work in life, to recognise it and do it.

Scientific Words.—Some people hav got a most unhappy way of jumblin together the meaning of scientific word But one of the most amusing is tha recently recorded of a gentleman wh thought of having a telephone pu into his house, so as to enable him to hol sweet converse with his business partne but his aged mother protested earnestl against it. "Robert," she said, "if yo bring one of those dreadful things in her I'll never close my eyes for fear it ma break out and sweep us all into eternity and us not a bit the wiser." He tried t persuade her that it was an innocuou instrument, but she said "No, no; loo at the thousands and millions of poo Hindoos it killed last fall." "Why replied he, "that wasn't a telephone—tha was a typhoon." But the old lady lowere her glasses, and looking at him over th rims thereof, said that he could not fo her; that she might not know muc perhaps, but she did know that th typhoon was the president of Japan. Th gentleman has given it up as a hopele case.

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